

I
W

A TOP
QUALITY
COMIC

WHIP WILSON

NO 1
10¢



ERNEST
RICHARDSON
ARTIST

THE \$10,000 CHALLENGE ONLY JOE WEIDER DARES TO MAKE!

MY GUARANTEE! Use my system for training and you will gain twice as much muscle and triple your power in less than half the time it would take if you followed any other method.



"The Muscle Builder"
Trainer of the Champions"

"MR. AMERICA" "MR. UNIVERSE"

CLANCY BOSS, world's best developed man, says: "You can be a miniature of me if you follow my system. I am giving out every year to your power-packed, jet-charged body! Do what I did — what thousands of other Hawaiian Weider-trained champions did — follow Weider as your leader — mail that coupon for your FREE TRIAL COURSE TODAY!"



CLANCY BOSS: Mass of power-packed muscles — mighty 35-inch arms, 50-inch chest, shoulders of iron a yard wide!

ONLY 7 SHORT WEEKS TO
THAT DYNAMIC, RUGGED HE-MAN
BODY YOU ALWAYS WANTED

ADD 3 INCHES OF STEEL-LIKE
MUSCLES TO YOUR ARMS...

4 "POWER PACKED" INCHES OF MUSCLES TO YOUR CHEST!

SAYS JOE WEIDER, "The Muscle Builder" and "Trainer of the Champions"

IN half the time, with twice the ease, in the privacy of your own room, in just a few minutes daily, I will, through my TRIPLE-PROGRESSION COURSE, slap inches of steel muscles to your pipe-stem arms, pack your chest with power and size, give you life-guard shoulders, dynamic, speedy athletic muscles — add jet-charged strength to every muscle in this body. I don't care if you're

short or tall, skinny or fat, office-worker, laborer, school-boy, or businessman, I must make a new white hegeman of you, and also . . . help build "inner strength" that will give you that white look, that women admire and men envy. Here's what I did for Clancy Boss, one of the many thousands of weaklings I turned into He-Men.

Don't miss this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity
**LET ME PROVE TO YOU, AT MY
OWN EXPENSE, EVERYTHING
I SAY CAN BE DONE!**

FREE MUSCLE BUILDING TRIAL OFFER. Fill out coupon and mail to me, 171 Park Ave, Clancy, 48-page course, filled with exercises, training secrets, heroic photos of mighty champions and private advice on how you can become a muscle star fast! This sensational offer is good only to males from 20 and 85 in normal good health.



NOTHING TO BUY!
YES, THAT'S RIGHT!

A-C-T-I-O-N

IS THE KEY TO STRENGTH! MAKE YOUR FIRST
HE-MAN DECISION TO-DAY! Rush in this coupon
for your free trial course. You have nothing to
lose but your weakness.

AMAZING FREE TRIAL OFFER

JOE WEIDER
801 Palisade Avenue, Bergen City, N. J.

Sept. 23-1948

Send the works. Just check me my FREE INTRODUCTORY
POWER-PACKED, MUSCLE-BUILDING COURSE. (I enclose only 10¢
to cover cost of handling and mailing.) I am under no
obligation.

NAME AGE

ADDRESS

CITY STATE
In Canada Mail to Joe Weider 4456 Colonial Ave., Mount, Que., Canada.

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WHIP

WILSON

OKAY, WILSON / THAT STUMBLE JUST COST YOU AND THAT NOSEY KID YOUR LIVES... DON'T REACH FOR YOUR RAWHIDE--YOU CAN'T BEAT MY SIX-SUNS... SO DON'T TRY!

The
**MARK
OF THE
WHIP!**

1425

EVERING, IN THE RUGGET CITY JAIL
HOUSE...

GLAD YUH CROPPED
AROUND, STEVE! IT
GETS MIGHTY
LONE SOME IN
HERE COME
NIGHTIME!

I RECKON SO!
HOW COME THET
MURDERIN'
VARMINT, CARE
HORRIS JAHNT SAID
A WORD SINCE WE
BEEN PLAYIN'?

I RECKON THE
THOUGHT OF THET
NOOSE TIGHTENIN'
ROUNH HIS NECK
TOMORROW DON'T
MAKE HIM FEEL
MUCH LIKE
SINGIN'! HE TURNED
DOWN HIS LUNCH
AN' SUPPER
TODAY!

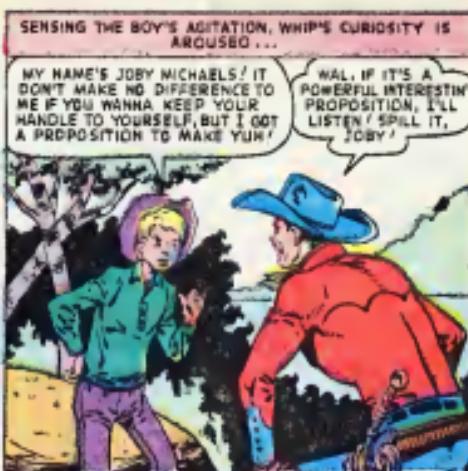
MEBRE HE FIGGERS
HE KH CHEAT
THE ROPE BY
STARVIN' HIMSELF
TO DEATH!
LET'S GET
A LOOK AT
HIM, BEN!

WH...?? BY JUDAS,
AIN'T THAT A BELT
SLUNG AROUND HIS
NECK?

DIERNED IF IT AINT!
HE CHEATED THE
ROPE AFTER ALL!
HURRY UP AN'
OPEN THE CELL
DOOR, BEH!







WILSON'S NERVES INTO ACTION AS A WINCHESTER SLUG SEARS THROUGH THE AIR...



RAISE 'EM UP, BOTH OF YEH! I'M CABE NORRIS AN' I AIM TO BEEF YOU COLD IF YOU TAKE ONE MORE STEP FORWARD!



BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
ZZZIINNGG!
START CLIMBIN', JOBY!
THOSE BULLETS DON'T MAKE ME FEEL LIKE STAYIN' BEHIND!



THAT'S THE KIND OF WARMINT YOU'RE GOIN' TO TIE UP WITH, JOBY! I'M GONNA LEAVE YOU HERE WITH A SIX-GUN WHILE I TRY TO GET BEHIND HIM! CAN YOU HANDLE YOURSELF, SON?

JUST HAND ME THAT GUN AM, I'LL SHOW YOU! IF HE SHOWS HIS NOSE OUTA THAT HOLE HE'LL NEVER SNEEZE THROUGH IT AGAIN!



WHIP CAREFULLY EDGES HIS WAY TO THE BACK END OF THE ABANDONED MINE... BEHIND THE ENTRANCE WHERE CABE NORRIS IS ENTRENCHED!



CABES AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE! ALL THESE SIDE TUNNELS MUST CONVERGE ON THE MAIN TUNNEL SOMEWHERE ALONG THE WAY!... I SURE HOPE I'M PICKIN' THE SHORTEST CUT THROUGH!



WITH UNERRING INSTINCT, WHIP WILSON CAUTIOUSLY THREADS HIS WAY THROUGH AMAZE OF INTRICATE, CRISS-CROSSING PASSAGES WITHIN THE HEART OF THE MUSTY OLD MINE...



MEANWHILE, THE CRAFTY, COLD-BLOODED OUTLAW HAS SNAKED HIS WAY BEHIND SOME GREASEDOD CLUMPS...



AS A STEEL FINGER TIGHTENS ABOUT THE TRIGGER, A LASHING, STINGING DEADLY LENGTH OF RAWHIDE FLICKS OUT LIKE THE TENTACLE OF AN OCTOPUS...

SAVE YOUR ROUNDS, NORRIS--YOU WERE DRAWIN' A BEAD ON A YOUNG BOY! LET'S SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO AGAINST A MAN!

WH...??

WHY, YOU ORNERY WHIP-WIELDIN' COYOTE! FILL YOUR HAND OR I'LL SIEVE YOU AS YOU STAND!

A WHIP'S THE ONLY LANGUAGE DOGS AN' COYOTES SAVVY, NORRIS! I WOULDN'T WASTE GOOD LEAD ON YOU!



WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, WHIP WILSON DUCKS A FUSILLADE OF SIX-GUN LEAD AS HIS AVENGING WHIP COILS FOR ANOTHER STRIKE...

TAKE IT AND DIE, WILSON!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

GET YORE HIDE READY FOR A TANNIN', NORRIS!



AGAIN THE BATTLE HONORED WHIP SINGS A VICIOUS SIRGE OF SAVAGERY AS IT MIRACULOUSLY SNAKES AROUND NOT ONE GUN, BUT TWO...

I'M GETTING READY TO TAKE YOU BY HAND, NORRIS!



I'LL KILL YOU, YOU PIG-STICKIN' RATTLER! I'LL... OFFA!



THAT'S FER CALLIN' ME NAMES THAT BELONG TO YOUR OWN BREED D' REPTILE! THERE'S MORE COMIN' TO YOU, SO GET YOUR BREATH!

UGHH!



RAISE 'EM, AMIGO! I'M GONNA KILL YOU SLOW AN' EASY! I'M GONNA LET YOU LOOK DOWN INTO THIS BARREL AND COUNT ONE SLUG COMIN' OUT!



WITH CERTAIN DEATH STARING AT HIM, WHIP WILSON WATCHES HIS SNAKELIKE OPPONENT FOR THE SLIGHTEST OPENING...



SUDDENLY THE SHARP CRACK OF A MUNICHESTER, FOLLOWED BY THE GRADLY WHINE OF A FATEFUL BULLET, ENDS WHIP WILSON'S DOUBTS...



HOW I DO, WHIP? DID I GET HIM PLUMB CENTER?

YOU SURE DID, JOBY, AN' I'M MIGHTY GRATEFUL! I GOT AN IDEA THE SHERIFF WOULD LIKE TO KNOW ABOUT THIS... LET'S HEAD FOR TOWN!



AN HOUR LATER A GRATEFUL TOWN SENDS A HAPPY BOY ON HIS WAY TO A LIFE OF DECENCY AND GOOD CITIZENSHIP...



THE END



READ I.W. COMICS
THEY ARE TOP QUALITY COMICS



Albert Dorne — probably the greatest money-maker in the history of commercial art. At the height of his career, he began a full-time search for people who like to draw.

He's Looking for People Who Like to Draw

TODAY HUNDREDS of men and women who never thought they could be artists are working happily at easels and drawing boards, making pictures, and getting well paid for it. They all can thank Albert Dorne, a famous artist who devotes almost his full time to helping other people become artists.

Some of the people Dorne has helped

Don Smith of New Orleans is an example. A few years ago, he knew nothing about art, even doubted he had talent. Now he is an illustrator with a large advertising agency.

John Busketta is another. He was a pipefitter's helper in a big gas company. Today he still works for the same company, but as an artist in the advertising department, with a big increase in pay.

Harriet Kuzniewski was bored with an "ordinary" job before she heard of Albert Dorne. Today she does high-style fashion illustration in New York.

With the right training, Wanda Pickulski gave up her typing job to become fashion artist for a local department store.

John Whitaker of Memphis was an airline clerk two years ago. Recently he won a national cartooning contest and was signed to do a newspaper comic strip.

Long before Albert Dorne started looking for people who like to draw, they came to him for advice and help. Since he alone could only help a few of these people he called together America's most successful artists—men like Norman Rockwell, Jon Whitcomb, Steven Dohanos and Al Parker.

A Plan To Help Others

He said: "All over America, there are people who like to draw, who could be turned into good artists. Why can't we give these people the training they need—including all the trade secrets and know-how

we've learned over the years? I'm suggesting a new kind of school—a home-study art school that would give talented people the best professional art training, no matter where they live."

The famous artists agreed. Taking time from their busy careers, they spent several years creating a remarkable series of art lessons covering every aspect of drawing and painting. They illustrated their lessons with over 5,000 "here's-how" illustrations. The lessons start from scratch and cover every skill a top artist needs. Finally, the famous artists developed a wonderful way to bring to each student personalized correction and advice every step of the way.

Albert Dorne is not surprised by the success of his students. "The art field is growing. We keep getting calls from all over the country, asking us for practical, well-trained students who can step into full-time or part-time art jobs."

Famous Artists Talent Test

To find others with art talent worth developing, the famous artists created a 12-page talent test. Thousands paid \$1 for this test, but now the School offers it free and will grade it free. If you show talent on the test, you will be eligible for training by the School. No obligation. Simply mail coupon. It might be your first step to an exciting, well-paid career in art.

America's 10 Most Famous Artists

Norman Rockwell	Frederick Lunde
Jon Whitcomb	Max Stahl
Al Parker	Robert Fawcett
Steven Dohanos	Austin Briggs
Doug Kingman	Harold Von Schmidt
Peter Helck	Albert Dorne

FAMOUS ARTISTS SCHOOLS

Studio 5654 Westport, Conn.

I would like to find out whether I have art talent worth developing. Please send me, without obligation, your Famous Artists Talent Test.

Mr. _____ Age _____

Mrs. _____

Miss (please print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

County _____ State _____

WHIP WILSON

I MISCALCULATED M-Y DIRECTION! THAT'S BIG INJUN DESERT! I CAN'T CROSS IT-- I JES CAN'T!

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW RIGHT YOU ARE, HAWK-- YOU MISCALCULATED THE DAY YOU SHOT AND KILLED JEB DAVIS-- HOW IT'S JUST YOU, THE DESERT... AND ME!



DUEL IN THE DESERT!

A GREAT CHAWING PEAR TWISTED AND CHURNED INSIDE THE HAWK'S STOMACH AS HE STARED THROUGH RED RIMMED, DUST WHIPPED EYES AT THE VAST, FORBIDDING, LONELY EXPANSE OF TREACHEROUS DESERT THAT STRETCHED FOR MILES AHEAD OF HIM! BEHIND HIM LAY THE BODY OF THE PROSPECTOR HE HAD KILLED FOR TWO SACKS OF PRECIOUS GOLD! BEHIND HIM WHIP WILSON'S RELENTLESS APPARITION WAS RIDING TO Avenge THE PROSPECTOR'S DEATH!

1549

INDECISION TRANSLATED ITSELF INTO CUMB PEAR!

WILSON'S COMIN' AFTER ME FAST! WHAT'LL I DO? I GOTTA EITHER STRIKE ACROSS THE DESERT OR STAY BACK HERE AN TAKE MY CHANCES FIGHTIN' HIM!

I WATCHED OL' JEB DAVIS FAN THIS GOLD FER ALMOST A YEAR BEFORE I LIFTED IT FROM HIS CARCASS! NOBODY'S TAKIN' THIS GOLD AWAY FROM ME NOW! NOBODY!

SUDDENLY, STARE FEAR AND RAGE SHATTERED HIS COMPOSURE COMPLETELY!

ALLRIGHT, YEH TALLER GHOST! COME AN' GIT ME! C'MON AN GIT A TASTE OF SIX-GUN LEAD! YEH AINT CRASH THE HAWK ACROSS THE DESERT NOT ME! I'M SONNA STAY HERE AN KILL YEH, WILSON!



HE'S PLUMB VANISHED! I COULD HAVE SWORE I SAW HIM STANDIN' HERE A MINUTE AGO!



WH...?!! DOWN, BULLET!



BANG! BANG! HE'S FIRING FAST AND CARELESS, LIKE HE'S GOT A CHILL IN HIS GUT! I DON'T KNOW HOW MANY SHELLS I GOT, BUT I'LL HAVE TO GET HIM QUICK!



TWIN SIX-GUNS CHATTERED A DIRGE OF DEATH AS WHIP THREW HIMSELF INTO THE FRAY...



I'M EMPTY, HAWK! ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH TO TANGLE WITH ME BAREHANDED?



I AIN'T STAYIN' HERE TO GIT MYSELF KILLED BY HIS WHIP! I GOTTA CHANCE A BREAK ACROSS THE DESERT!



I'M GON' AFTER HIM ALONE, BULLET! HE WON'T GET VERY FAR IN THAT WASTELAND! STAY HERE AND WAIT FOR ME, BOY!



HE MADE HIS FIRST MISTAKE BY TAKIN' HIS HORSE WITH HIM! HE CAN'T CARRY ENOUGH WATER FOR THE HORSE AND HIM BOTH!



SLOWLY BUT SURELY A MERCILESS SUN SCORCHED THROUGH MAN AND BEAST, DRAINING BOTH OF VITALITY AND ENERGY, INSIDIOUSLY SICKING THE VERY LIFE BLOOD FROM THEM...



HALF AN HOUR LATER, THE EXHAUSTED ANIMAL CROPPED IN THE SAND...



"GIT UP DAWSON! YORE NICE 'JEST
GET US ACROSS THIS DESERT AN' I'LL
SET YOU OUT TO PASTURE FOR THE
REST OF YORE CHERTY LIFE! GIT UP!"



"RESCUED DESPERATION NOW SEPPED
THE TERROR-STRICKEN MAN..."

"I'LL MAKE IT ON MY OWN! I'LL GIT
ACROSS THIS BLASTED DESERT WITH
MY GOLD AN' LIVE TO LAUGH AT
WILSON'S BONES TURNIN' TO DUST!"



"RAW! RAW! I'LL GIT THAR SLOW BUT
SURE! THEY AINT NOBODY GITTIN' THIS
GOLD FROM ME! C'MON AFTER ME,
WILSON! I GOT A LONG START ON YER!"



THE QUEL OF DEATH BEGAN IN SILENT
WITH THE SUN A WITNESS, WHILE THE
BURNIN' SANDS MOCKINLY RECORDED
THE SILENT STRUGGLE...

"HE WANTED THE LIFE OF HIS
HOSE JUST TO GET A LONG START!
WELL, LET'S SEE WHAT HE CAN
DO WITH THAT START!"



"HE'S GITTIN' TIRED NOW! HIS
FEET ARE BEGINNIN' TO DRAG.
AN' RIGHT HERE HE LAID DOWN
TO REST AWHILE..."



THE TRAIL BEGAN TO WAVEB--PICK UP--ORBZ
--AND THEN FLUSH AHEAD AGAIN AS HAWK
READS THE STORY IN THE BURNING SANDS

MISTAKE NUMBER TWO, HAWK! THAT
BLANKET SOLL COULD HAVE HELPED YOU
KEEP THE SUN OFF WHILE YOU RESTED!
YOU'RE DIGGIN' YOUR GRAVE, MISTER!"



A MILE FURTHER, AND...

MISTAKE NUMBER THREE! THERE AINT
MECH TO EAT ON THIS DESERT, BUT
THAT GRAWDIE COULD HAVE GIVED
YOU A RABBIT, OR EVEN A LIZARD!



MEANWHILE, THE BLOOD POUNDED
THICKLY THROUGH THE ARTERY VENS IN
HIS BODY SCREAMED AGAINST FURTHER
PUNISHMENT...

"--MY THROAT--MY MOUTH!
CAN'T...SAVE THIS WATER MUCH
LONGER! GOT TA LIGHTEN TH--THE
LOAD! GOTTA GET RID OF
SOMETHIN'!"



"T--TOO HEAVY! WATER AN' GOLD!
I NEED 'EM BOTH, BUT I CAN'T
TAKE 'EM BOTH!"



ILLUSIONATIONS BORN OF FEAR AND
THIRST GRIPPED HIS MIND - EXAGGERATED
THEMSELVES INTO FALSE HOPES...

N-NO! I CAN'T LEAVE THE
GOLD! THERE'S A WATER HOLE
'BOUT THREE MILES FURTHER! I
KIN MAKE THREE MILES IF I
SWALLOW THIS WATER NOW!



HALF AN HOUR LATER, WHIP WILSON
FOUND THE DISCARDED CANTSEN
EMPTY!

HIS MATE'S GONE! THAT MEAN HE'S GONNA MAKE A
LAST TRY TO REACH THE WATER
HOLE SOMEWHERE NEAR HERE.
I GOTTA BEAT HIM TO IT!



STRAINED MUSCLES SHOT PAINFUL HIRING SIB-
MALES THROUGH WHIP'S BODY AS HE BIT HIS
SWOLLEN TONGUE TO KEEP FROM DROPPING...

HE'S CRAWLIN' ON ALL FOURS NOW! I
GOTTA MAKE THAT WATER HOLE I'VE
GOT TO!



THRE...IT...IS! IF I KIN REACH IT,
I KIN HOLD OFF AN AIMED! I KIN
WATCH WILSON DIE OF TH-THIRST!
HA-HA-HA! I'M WINNIN'! I'M
WINNIN'!

AN INSANE GIGGLE BURST FROM HIS
CRACKED, SWOLLEN LIPS AS ALL
REASON LEFT HIM AND THE THIRST
OF WATER PERMEATED HIS MIND...

W-WATER! W-WATER! - HA-HA-HA!
I GOT THE GOLD AND THE WATER!
I BEAT YUR, WILSON! I'M GONNA WATCH
YORE BONES PICKED CLEAN BY BUZZ-
ARDS, WILSON! OH, HA-HA-HA!
HO! HO!



BUT THE CACTUS DIDN'T BURN ON HIS LIPS.

N-NO!
WH-WHIP
WILSON!

I'VE BEEN A WARTH FOR YOU,
HAWK! ONE OF US AIN'T LEAVIN'
THIS DESERT ALIVS!

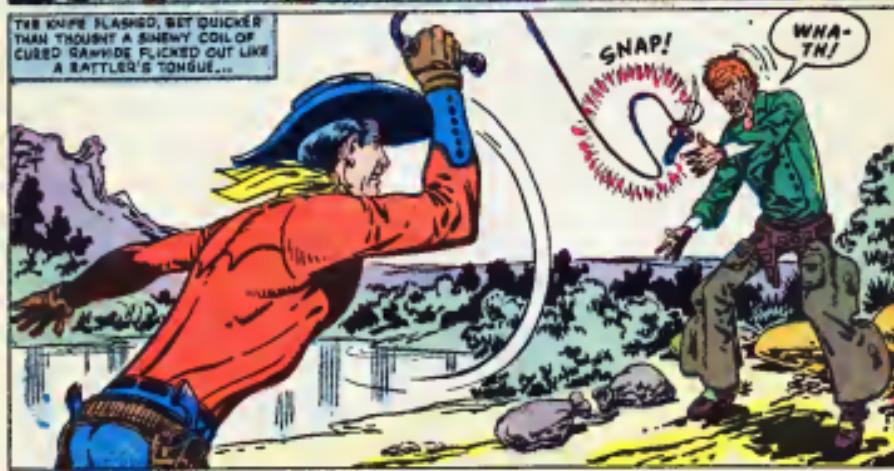


IT'S YOUR CARCASS GONNA
BE THE BUZZARD BAIT,
WILSON!

OKAY, HAWK!
YOU CALLED
THE PLAY!

I'M GONNA GIVE YOU A
CHANCE YOU DIDN'T GIVE JEB
DAVIS! YOU'VE GOT A KNIFE,
HAWK! USE IT!

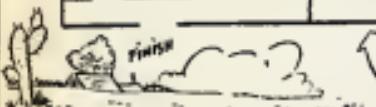
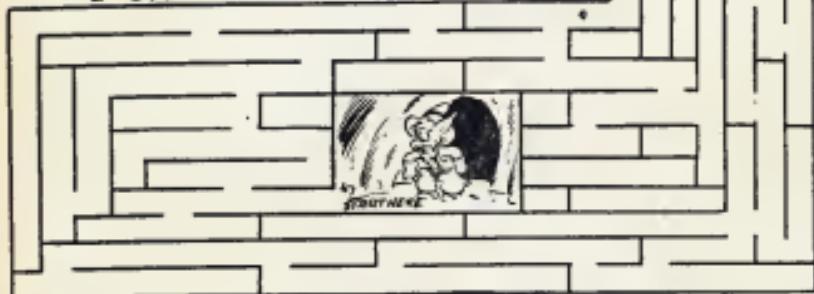




PETER'S PUZZLE PAGE

SEE IF YOU CAN CONSTRUCT
FIVE WORDS BY ADDING
TO THESE LETTERS.

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____



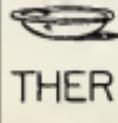
PETER HAS BEEN TRAPPED IN A CAVE BY
SOME CATTLE RUSTLERS AND HE'S HAV-
IN A HARD TIME TRYING TO FIND HIS WAY
OUT---SEE IF YOU CAN HELP HIM!



YOU CAN EASILY DRAW THIS SILHOUETTE
BY DARKENING IN THE CORRESPONDING
SQUARES.



K
10



THER

WHAT ANIMALS DO
THESE PICTURES
REPRESENT?

ANSWERS:

1-DOKEY-2
MILKY-3-KITTY-4
L-PONKY-5



LAST RIDE

THE SHERIFF was strapping on his six guns when the deputy came in. He said, "The prisoners are ready, sheriff!"

Bill Hooker nodded. "Fine, Red, bring them around the front." His tone was calm, though inside him he felt the nervous excitement that always preceded trouble. Outside the combination office and jail a curious crowd had collected, waiting for the prisoners to appear. More than one face wore a harried expression. Sheriff Hooker saw his deputy leading the manacled prisoners to the waiting stagecoach and locked up his office. Outside, the four unshaven, mean-looking prisoners who had so recently robbed a series of banks, killing countless unarmed people, waited, seemingly unworried. On their faces were expressions of extreme contempt for the sheriff and his aides who had tracked them down a week ago and were bringing them to trial at the county seat.

They were part of the notorious Collins gang, a money mad group of outlaws that would fight and kill for anything valuable . . . and who had managed to elude capture until these four men were run to earth, the rest having escaped.

Andy Barlow picked his way through the crowd and came over to the sheriff. "Look, Bill," he told his friend, "we've been talking it over. Maybe you better take some of the boys along in case there's trouble."

The sheriff smiled grimly. "No, Andy, this is my job. I don't want to take any chances on anyone else getting hurt."

But Bill, you know the Collins gang isn't going to let you get through with these guys. It's two hundred miles from here to Bruxton City with a thousand places in between that are perfect spots for an ambush."

"I know."

"Then let us ride along as escort. You're going to need some extra gun hands when the Collins Gang attacks, and you can bet your boots they will!"

A small group had gathered around Andy and the sheriff, and behind them the four outlaws were taking everything in, smiling at what they knew would happen. For them it was a pleasant thought, for they knew that if they ever did go to trial, they were sure to be convicted.

The driver of the stage came out of the express office carrying a shotgun. He nodded to the sheriff and climbed aboard the stage. He called out to the clerk inside and two men dragged out the boxes that were labeled BRUXTON CITY. The outlaws looked at each other and shrugged. As far as anyone could see, this was just a bit of optimism on the part of the sheriff; expecting baggage to get through too. When the baggage was loaded Red handed the sheriff four rifles and a box of ammunition. Once again people looked at each other. Andy said, "You going to handle all those guns at once, Bill?"

This time the sheriff smiled a little differently. "I won't have to, Andy." He let it go there. The prisoners were loaded into the stage and handcuffed to hooks in the side of the seats. Unexpectedly, the sheriff climbed in with them instead of riding beside the driver, gave the signal and the stage went off in a cloud of dust kicked up by the team. Back in front of the office the people shook their heads sadly. Bill Hooker had been a good sheriff, honest and fearless, but now he had stuck his neck out too far. Someone remarked, "Might as well hold an election now, I guess. We'll never see old Bill again."

Andy shook his head. "I don't know about that. I've known Bill a long time, and if I can read

HI-POWER BINOCULARS

SEE UP TO 18 MILES



Powerful folding Opera Glasses fit into pocket or purse. Center eye piece adjustment. Worth many times low introductory price. Comparable to models selling for \$4.95.

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42 W. 47th Street, New York 36, N.Y. Room 204
Please send me Hi-Power Binoculars.

1 for \$6.00 2 for \$11.00
Limit 2 to 1 customer.

Enclosed Cash Check Money Order
Sorry, No. C.O.D.'s

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____ ZONE: _____ STATE: _____

Hi-Power Sling-Shot

with built-in RANGE FINDER!

Every child will have thrills galore with this new beautifully constructed sling-shot. This powerhouse sling-shot has quadrangular slings, giving you many times more pull than ordinary sling-shots.

Build-In Sight For Accuracy

An optical cross-bar range-finder is built right into the handle. It lets you sight targets, gives you greater shooting accuracy. Same type as used on cameras and rifles. Also has enduring leather pouch and brass rivets to anchor slings. Well balanced for superior accuracy. Pistol grip of light yet enduring wood. Sturdy!

WARNING! The sling-shot is an instrument of skill and has been used by children from the beginning of time as a wonderful pastime. But like a rifle, gun, blowgun, or any other instrument shooting a missile, it must never be used against any living person or animal, or for destruction of property. Your purchase of our sling-shot makes you honor-bound to respect these high ideals.

Only
\$1.98

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COUPON
IMMEDIATELY!



Sling-Shot, Dept. SC-1

42 W. 47th Street, New York 36, N.Y. Room 204

Coupons:

Please send immediately high-power sling-shot with 200 free pellets. I am enclosing \$1.98.

Check here for additional 500 pellets. Enclose extra \$1.

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ Zone: _____ State: _____

Condition: address. Send \$3.25 money order with extra
"pellets, \$3.25

FREE!

100 Harmless
PELLETS with
each Sling-Shot!

EXTRA BONUS!

500 PELLETS Only \$1

As a general bonus, with the purchase of this exciting new sling-shot, you may place an order for 500 extra pellets for only \$1. This is a limited time offer only.
Order NOW and be SURE!!!

signs, he's got something up his sleeve!"

In the stagecoach outside of town, the four outlaws were beginning to think the same thing too. Their faces were scowling, and they looked at each other, knowing that every move the stage made would be watched, and before long the expected rescue would come. The sheriff was sitting back calmly, fondling the rifles, loading shells into the chambers.

Then he spoke. "It'll come soon, don't you think?"

One of the outlaws bared his teeth in a grimace. "You're not kidding. And when it does don't expect to walk away from here. This is your last ride!"

"Maybe not," the sheriff told him. "Did you see those boxes we loaded on?" There was a sudden silence. The sheriff went on, "Those boxes are carrying gold. Fifty thousand dollars worth. You know what that means?"

The men leaned forward tensely, half knowing what the answer would be. "What?" The question was sharp, worried.

"I let the word leak out that we were carrying a pay load, mister. You think your friends will be after that gold . . . or you?"

"They'll get us out of this. They won't let you get through with that dough!" The outlaw's voice was shrill. "You just made it all the more important for them to come after us!"

"That so?" The sheriff gave them a long stare. "They won't be wanting to split with you guys on a deal like that. The more of you out of the way, the more they get. So when they come after us, they'll be shooting at you as well as me. See what I mean?"

They saw all right. It was written plainly on their faces. "What . . . what are you going to do . . . you have to protect us! We'll be shot down in cold blood!"

For an answer, the sheriff handed out the rifles with one hand, while he cradled his six shooter in the other. "Take one," he said, "It's your party from now on. The way those handcuffs are made, you have enough play in them to shoot out the windows, but not swing around toward me. Just remember, I have a gun here too! If you want to stand trial, then pick your targets carefully." He nodded toward a hillside. "And do it now, be-

cause here they come."

There was a sudden grab for the guns as the hoarde of bandits came streaking down the hill toward the coach. The driver yelled to the horses and urged them to greater speed. It was evident that a rescue wan't what the outlaws were after, for they opened fire on the stage at once. Rifles and six guns spat leaden death as the horses moved closer to the coach.

Only when the bandits were well within range was there an answering burst of fire from the stage. A hail of slugs knocked men from their horses as the prisoners in the stage fought for their life. They levered shells into the rifles as the sheriff handed them ammunition, screaming with fury as their erstwhile companions tried to pick them off.

The sheriff did nothing but watch, keeping an eye on his prisoners and one on the outlaws behind them. A withering stream of fire poured from the stage time after time with unerring accuracy, until the ranks of the mounted outlaws had thinned considerably. They couldn't understand it, for never before had a stage been armed with so many sharpshooters.

Buster Collins himself was in the lead, with his kill-crazy brother riding directly behind him. They fanned out and tried to encircle the coach, but the rifle fire picked them off. Buster spurred his horse and crept up on the stage, then a bullet caught him squarely in the chest and he went down screaming. His brother took over, drawing the men in around him, pumping shot after shot at the coach. But their aim wan't nearly as good as the return fire.

There was but a handful of them left when they decided to call it quits and take to the hills. Inside the stage the sheriff collected the guns and stacked them in a corner. His prisoners were shaken and disgusted at the whole thing, but Bill Hooker was in fine spirits. When he got back home he'd round up a posse and collect the rest of the outlaws . . . and this time there wouldn't be any attempted rescue. He grinned at his sweating cargo. "You guys make fine deputies," he said.

They gave him a sorry look. "Aw, shut up," one said.

SPEED LARSON



SPEED LARSON, THE FIGHTIN' SHERIFF IS IN A GAY MOOD THIS DAY!

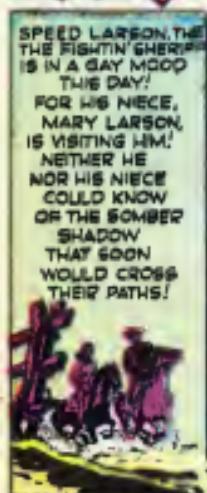
FOR HIS NIECE, MARY LARSON, IS VISITING HIM. NEITHER HE NOR HIS NIECE COULD KNOW OR THE SOMBER SHADOW THAT SOON WOULD CROSS THEIR PATHS!

UNCLE SPEED, I'M GETTING TO LOVE MIDNIGHT, AND HE LOVES ME, TOO! MAY I RIDE HIM INTO TOWN? MAY I?

WELL, MARY CHILD, I SUPPOSE IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT! YOU CERTAINLY GET ALONG WELL WITH YOUR RIDING!

OH, THANKS UNCLE SPEED! GOOD-BYE!

GOOD B... UH... YES... WHAT IS IT, MISTER?







DESPERATELY WORRIED BECAUSE A FALSE MOVE MIGHT COST THE LIFE OF HIS YOUNG NIECE, THE FIGHTING SHERIFF TAKES WHAT PRECAUTIONS HE CAN...



CAN'T FIGURE WHY KRAUS WOULD GIVE ME THE ENVELOPE, THEN KIDNAP MARY TO GET IT BACK! ONE THING'S CERTAIN, I'M JUSTIFIED IN READING THE CONTENTS!



MINUTES AFTER EXAMINING THE ENVELOPE'S CONTENTS, SPEED LARSON IS ON THE TRAIL...



STEALTHILY THE FIGHTING SHERIFF INSPECTS THE CELLAR! THEN FINALLY HE REACHES THE DOOR TO THE ROOT CELLAR, A DARK DRY PLACE FOR STORING VEGETABLES...





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WHIP WILSON

THANK HEAVENS YOU ARRIVED BEFORE IT BROKE LOOSE! CAN IT BE STOPPED? WHIP? THINK OF THE POOR FOLKS IN TOWN...THEY MUST BE WARNED!

IF I DIDN'T SEE IT WITH MY OWN EYES I'D NEVER HAVE BELIEVED IT!...EASY, BULLET...CALM DOWN, BOY!

YES, WILSON, YOU DID ARRIVE JUST IN TIME...IN TIME FOR DOOM...HEH HEH!

A BEAST ROAMS THE RANGE!

AN EERIE MOON BATHES THE PLAINS IN A GHOSTLY INCANDESCENT GLOW AS WHIP WILSON SQUATS NEAR HIS LONELY CAMP FIRE!

SUDDENLY, THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT IS PIERCED BY A BLOODCURDLING SHRIEK!

JUMPIN' CANNONBALLS! THOSE SCREAMS ARE COMING FROM UP ALONG THE RIDGE OF THAT PLATEAU! DIG THEM HOOF'S IN, BULLET BOY!



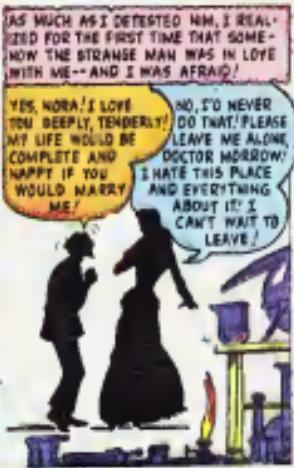
EEYAAAAA!

WH-??! SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE'S IN A HEAP OF TROUBLE!

YA-A-A-A-A-E-E-E-E!









THE FOLLOWING DAY...



HALF AN HOUR LATER, WHIP WILSON THUNDERS THROUGH FORTY RIVER, SPLASHES TO THE OTHER SIDE AND HEAD TOWARD RUSTLER'S GULCH!

"YOU'LL NEED THAT LITTLE DIP, BULLET! WE'RE GONNA BE HOT AN' DRY BEFORE THIS OVER. I RECKON!"

SUDDENLY, IN A BRUSH-HIDDEN ARROYO,

"HOLY JUMPIN' HANNAH! THIS MUST BE IT! EASY, BUT, EASY!"

© 1950

GET OVER QUICK AN' DODGE HIM, FELLER! WE AINT CARRYIN' THE KIND OF GUNLOAD THAT CAN BRING THAT MONSTER DOWN!

"...DON'T EVEN SLOW HIM DOWN! I'LL HAVE TO TRY FOR A BRAIN SHOT!"

THE BEAST WHEELS AND STARTS A MAD CHARGE WITH THE SPEED OF AN EXPRESS AS WHIP AIDS CAREFULLY AND...

"BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!"

"BANG! BANG!"

"WHW! THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT! I'D RATHER TACKLE A GRIZZLY WITH A KNIFE!"

AN HOUR LATER...

"THERE IT IS, BOY! I'LL HAVE TO MAKE IT ALONE FROM HERE ON! JUST SIT UP HERE AN' WAIT FOR ME, BULLET BOY!"

A FEW MINUTES LATER, WHIP IS DROPPING OVER THE SHEER WALL THAT PROTECTS THE MANSION.

THE PLACE IS SHORE CREEPY ENOUGH. I'LL HAVE WORK HARD AN' FAST TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!



THERE'S A DOOR THAT LOOKS LIKE IT MIGHT HARBOR THIS MORROW FELLER! I'D BETTER TRY IT!



WH--? WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I RECKON YOU OUGHT TO BE ANSWERIN' THAT QUESTION, AMIGO! JUST WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' IN THIS ROTTEN HOLE? THERE'S A LOT OF WOUNDED FOLKS IN TOWN WHO'D LIKE TO KNOW!



GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I KILL YOU! GET OUT AT ONCE! I WON'T HAVE MY PRIVACY INVADED BY BUSY-BODIES!

STAND BACK AN' COOL OFF OR I'LL BEEF UP COLD, MISTER! I'M HERE TO GET MR. JOHN CARLIN AND AN EXPLANATION FOR THAT MONSTER I JUST KILLED OUT ON THE RANGE!

SHE TOLD YOU THEN? I THOUGHT SHE WOULD. I DON'T CARE ANY MORE! I HAVE NOTHING TO LIVE FOR WITHOUT NORA HERE!

YOU STILL HAVEN'T TOLD ME ANYTHING ABOUT THAT MONSTER I SAW!

IT'S NO USE TRYING TO CONTINUE! COME AND I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I HAVE SPENT A LIFETIME TRYING TO DEVELOP!

LEAD THE WAY!



WILL YOU GO IN, PLEASE? NOBODY BUT JOHN CARLIN AND I HAVE EVER BEEN IN THIS ROOM BEFORE! HERE IS THE SECRET WHICH I STRUGGLED FOR YEARS TO PERFECT!

THERE'S A STRONG DRAFT COMIN' THROUGH THAT DOOR!

SUDDENLY...

THERE! FEAST YOUR EYES ON MY HANDIWORK! WITHOUT NORA HERE I'LL DEVOTE ALL MY TIME TO MAKING MONSTERS OF EVERY ANIMAL I CAN GET HOLD OF!





REDUCE ^{don't} _{be} FAT!

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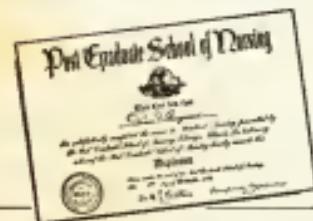
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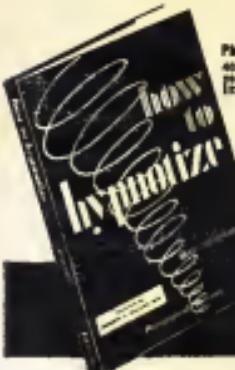
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